THE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

She kissed an ivory cross laying on her bosom, and proceeded with evident difficulty.

"Well, I fled with Paul Linmere. For a time I was very happy. He was kind to me, and I loved him so! We lived in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the banks of the Seine, and I had my tiny flower-garden, my books, my birds, my faithful dog Leo—and Paul! Every pleasant night he used to take me out on the river in the little boat which bore my name on its side. I lived in a sort of blissful waking trance, that left me nothing to desire, nothing to ask for. Fool that I was! I thought it was to last always. After a while Paul wearied of me. Perhaps I was too lavish of my caresses and words of love; it might tire him to be loved so intensely. But such was my nature. He grew cold and distant; at times positively ill-natured. Once he struck me: but I forgave him the blow, because he had taken too much wine. He laughed me to scorn, and called me by a foul name that I cannot repeat. That night he asked me to go out boating with him. I prepared myself with alacrity, for I thought he was getting pleased with me and perhaps would comply with my request. Are you weary of my story, Louis?"

"No, no. Go on. I am listening to you, Arabel."

"It was a lovely night. The stars gleaming like drops of molten gold, and the moon looked down, pure and serene and holy. Paul was unusually silent, and I was quiet, waiting for him to speak. Suddenly, when we reached the middle of the river, he dropped the oars, and we drifted with the current. He sprang up, his motion nearly capsizing the frail boat, and taking a step toward me, fastened a rough hand upon my shoulders. 'Arabel,' he said, hoarsely, 'your power over me is among the things of the past. Once I thought I loved you, but it was merely a passion which soon burned itself out. After that, I grew to hate you; but, because I had taken you away from home and friends, I tried to treat you civilly. Your caresses disgusted me. I would gladly have cast you off long ago, if I had had but the shadow of a pretext. I am to be married to a beautiful woman in America before many months shall elapse—a woman with a name and a fortune which will help me to pay those cursed debts that are dragging me down like a millstone. For you I have no further use. There is no disgrace in the grave—and I consign you to its dreamless sleep!' The next moment the boat was capsized, and I was floating in the water. I cried aloud in his name, beseeching him to save me, and got only his mocking laugh in return, as he struck out for the shore. I could not swim, and I felt myself sinking down—down to unfathomable depths. I felt cold as ice; there was a deafening roar in my ears, and I knew no more."

"My poor Arabel, I could curse the villain who did this cowardly thing, but he is dead, and in the hands of God."

"When I woke to consciousness, I was lying in a rude cottage, and two persons, unknown to me—a man and a woman—were bending over me, applying hot flannels to my numbed limbs and restoratives to my lips. I had some articles of jewelry on my person, of some considerable value, and with these I bribed the persons who had taken me from the river to cause Mr. Linmere to believe that I had died. They were rough people, but they were kind-hearted, and I owe them a large debt of gratitude for their thoughtful care of me. But for it I should have died in reality. As soon as I was able to bear the journey I left France. Linmere had already closed the cottage and gone away—none knew whither, but I was satisfied he had departed for the United States. I left France with no feeling of regret, save for Leo, my faithful hound. I have shed many bitter tears when pondering over the probable fate of my poor dog."

"Be easy on that subject, Arabel. I saw the hound but a few weeks ago. He is the property of a lady who loves him—the woman Paul Linmere was to have married, if he had lived."

"I am glad. You may laugh at me, Louis, but the uncertain fate of Leo has given me great unhappiness. But to continue—I engaged myself as nursemaid with an English family, who had been traveling on the continent and were about returning home. I remained with them until I had accumulated sufficient funds to defray my expenses across the Atlantic, and then I set out on my journey. I came to New York, for that had been Mr. Linmere's home before we went to France. I soon got upon the track of him, and learned that he was about to be married to a Miss Margaret Harrison, a young lady of great beauty, and with a large fortune. I wanted to see her; for you must know that I had registered a fearful vow of vengeance on Mr. Paul Linmere, and I desired to judge for myself if it would fall heavily on the woman he was going to marry. For even violently as I had loved him I now hated him.

"I saw Miss Harrison. I accosted her in the street one day, as any common beggar would have done, telling her a pitiful story of my poverty. She smiled on me, spoke a few words of comfort, and laid a piece of gold in my hand. Her sweet face charmed me. I set myself to find out if she cared for the man she was to marry. It had all been arranged by her father years before, I understood, and I felt that her heart was not interested.

"After learning that, nothing could have saved Paul Linmere. His fate was decided. Twice I waylaid him in the streets, and showed him my pale face, which was not unlike the face of the dead. And as he believed that I was drowned, the sight of me filled him with the most abject terror. How I enjoyed the poor wretch's cowardly horror!

"The night that he was to be married, I lay in wait for him at the place where the brook crossed the highway. I had learned that he was to walk up alone from the depot to the house of his expectant bride, and there I resolved to avenge my wrongs. I stepped before him as he came, laid my cold hand on his arm and bade him follow me. He obeyed, in the most abject submission. He seemed to have no will of his own, but yielded himself entirely to me. He shook like one with the ague, and his footsteps faltered so that at times I had to drag him along. I took him to the lonely graveyard, where sleep the Harrison dead, and—" She covered her face with her hands and lapsed into silence.

"Well, Arabel, and then?" asked Castrani, fearfully absorbed in the strange narrative.

"I dropped the hood from my face and confronted him. I had no pity. My heart was like stone. I remembered all my wrongs; I said to myself this was the man who had made my life a shipwreck, and had sent my soul to perdition. He stood still, frozen to the spot, gazing into my face with eyes that gleamed through the gloom like lurid fire. 'I am Arabel Vere, whom you thought you murdered!' I hissed in his ear. 'The river could not hold my secret! And thus I avenge myself for all my wrongs!'

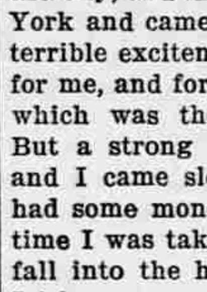
"I struck one blow; he fell to the ground with a gurgling moan. I knew that I had killed him, and I felt no remorse at the thought. It seemed a very pleasant thing to contemplate. I stooped over him to assure myself he was dead, and touched his forehead. It was growing cold. It stuck me through and through with a chill of unutterable horror. I fled, like one mad, from the place. I entered a train of cars which were just going down to the city, and in the morning I left New York and came here. I fell sick. The terrible excitement had been too much for me, and for weeks I lay in a stupor which was the twin-sister of death. But a strong constitution triumphed, and I came slowly back to health. I had some money on my person at the time I was taken ill, and happening to fall into the hands of a kind-hearted Irish woman, at whose door I had asked for a glass of water, I was nursed with the care that saved my life.

"But I have never seen a moment of happiness since. Remorse has preyed on me like a worm, and once before this I have been brought face to face with death. Now I am going where I sent him. God be merciful!"

"Amen," responded Louis fervently.

It was very still in the room. Castrani sat by the bedside, waiting for her to speak. She was silent so long he thought she slept, and stooped over to ascertain. Yes, she did sleep. In this world she would never waken more.

CHAPTER XXII.



CASTRANI remained in Boston, and saw the remains of the unfortunate Arabel Vere consigned to decent burial, and that duty accomplished he took the first train for Lightfield.

It was sunset when he reached the dwelling of Nurse Day. Margaret was sitting on the veranda, with Leo by her side. The hound ran down to the gate to give the visitor a joyful greeting, and Margaret descended the steps and held out her hand. She was very kind, and almost cordial, for she respected Castrani with her whole heart, and she was pleased to see him.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Castrani," she remarked, leading him into the sitting room, "and so also will be Nurse Day when she returns. She has gone to a prayer meeting now. And I am especially pleased to see you just at this time because I am thinking of returning to New York, and I hope to persuade you to give me your escort, if it will not be asking too much."

"To New York? Indeed that is delightful intelligence for the five hundred dear friends who have deplored your absence so long! I had feared sometimes that you intended to remain here always."

"I almost wish I could—life has been so peaceful here. But I must go back sooner or later, as well now as at any time. I think I am strong enough to bear it," she added, sadly.

"Miss Harrison, I want to tell you a story."

She drew back from the hand he laid on hers, and her air became cold and repelling. He divined her fears, and smiled a melancholy smile.

"No, not that. Do not fear. I shall never again trouble you with the story of my unfortunate passion. I must go through life without the blessing that would have made this world a paradise. It is not that of which I would speak, and you need have no apprehension for the future. God helping me, I will never say to you a single word that a brother might not say to a dearly beloved sister."

She put her hand into his.

"I wish I could love you, Louis Castrani," she said, solemnly. "You deserve my heart's best affections; but for me love is over! I have had my day, and it is set. But you shall be my brother, my dear, kind brother, Louis! Oh, it is sweet to know that in this false world there is one heart loyal and true!"

"Margaret, there is more than one true heart in the world, as you will acknowledge when I have told you my little story. I know now why you discarded Archer Trevlyn. You thought him guilty of the murder of Paul Linmere!"

A ghastly pallor overspread her face; she caught her breath in gasps, and clutched frantically the arm of Castrani.

"Hush!" she said. "Do not say those dreadful words aloud; the very walls have ears sometimes! Remember their utterance puts the life of a fellow mortal in peril!"

"Have no fear; I am going to right the wrong!"

"Leave his punishment to God. It would kill me to see him brought before a hissing crowd to be tried for his life. Oh, Mr. Castrani, I implore you—"

"Calm yourself, child. I shall never knowingly injure Mr. Trevlyn. He deserves no punishment for a sin he never committed. He is guiltless of that deed as you are yourself!"

"Guiltless—Archer guiltless!" she cried, her face wearing the pitiful, strained look of agonized suspense. "I do not quite comprehend. Say it again—oh, say it again!"

"Margaret, Archer Trevlyn never lifted a hand against Paul Linmere—never! He is innocent before God and the angels!"

She dropped her head upon her hands and burst into tears—the first she had shed since that terrible night when that blasted revelation had, as she thought, sealed up the fountain of tears forever. Castrani did not seek to soothe her; he judged rightfully that she would be better for this abandonment to a woman's legitimate source of relief. She lifted her wet face at last—but what a change was there! The transparent paleness had given place to the sweet wild rose color which had once made Margie so very lovely, and the sad eyes were brilliant as stars through the mist of tears.

"I believe it—yes, I believe it!" she said softly—reverently. "I thank God for giving me the assurance. You tell me so. You would not unless it were true!"

"No, Margaret; I would not," replied Castrani, strongly affected. "Heaven forbid that I should raise hopes which I cannot verify. When you are calm enough to understand I will explain it fully."

"I am calm now. Go on."

"I must trouble you with a little, only a little, of my own private history in order that you may understand what follows. I am, as you know, a Cuban by birth, but my father, only, was Spanish. My mother was a native of Boston, who married my father for love and went with him to his Southern home. I was an only child, and when I was about twelve years of age my parents adopted a girl, some four years my junior. She was the orphan child of poor parents, and was possessed of wonderful beauty and intelligence. Together we grew up, and no brother and sister loved each other more fully than we. It was only a brotherly and sisterly love—for I was engaged at sixteen to Inez de Nuncio, a lovely young Spanish girl, who was cruelly taken away from me by the hand of violence, as you know. Arabel grew to girlhood, lovely as an houri. She had many suitors, but she favored none, until he came—Paul Linmere! Ill health had driven him to Cuba to try the effect of our Southern air, and soon after his arrival he became acquainted with Arabel. He was very handsome and fascinating, and much sought after by the fair ladies of my native town. Arabel was vain, and his devoted attentions flattered her, while his handsome face and fescinating address won her love. And before my parents had begun to ascertain any danger from Linmere's society she had left everything and fled with him.

"My mother was plunged into grief, for she had loved Arabel like an own child, and the uncertainty of her fate I think hastened my mother's death. My father left no means untried to discover the whereabouts of the erring girl—but in vain. For years her fate was shrouded in mystery. My parents died, Inez was taken from me, and weary and heartsick I came to New York, hoping to find some distraction in new scenes and among a new people.

"The day before you left New York I received a message from Arabel Vere. She was in Boston ill unto death. She wanted to see me once more; and she had a sin upon her conscience which she must confess before she died, and she must confess it to no person but myself. In obedience to this summons I hurried to Boston, and the same train that carried me carried you also.

"I found Arabel but a mere wreck of her former self. Her countenance told me how fearfully she had suffered. She was ill, in a wretched room, with no attendants or medical aid. I had her immediately removed to lodgings suitable for her, and provided a nurse and a physician. From this time she began to mend, and in a couple of days the physician pronounced her out of immediate danger. When she knew her life was to be prolonged she refused to make the confession she had summoned me to hear. So long as there was any prospect of her recovery, she said, she must keep the matter a secret. But she could not die and leave it untold. Therefore, she promised that whenever she should feel death approaching she should send again for me, and relieve her soul by the confession of her sin. A few days ago came her second summons.

"Previous to this, only a little while, I had been inadvertently a listener to an altercation between Archer Trevlyn and his wife, during which Mrs. Trevlyn, in a fit of rage, denounced her husband as the murderer of Paul Linmere. She produced proofs, which I confess struck me as strangely satisfactory, and affirmed her belief in his guilt. She also told him that because the knowledge of his crime had come to you, you had discarded him, and left New York to be rid of him forever!

"So knowing this, when I listened to the dying confession of Arabel Vere, I knew that this confession would clear Archer Trevlyn from all shadow of suspicion. Arabel died, and I buried her. Previous to her death—perhaps to guard against accident, perhaps guided by the hand of a mysterious providence to clear the fair fame of an injured man—she wrote at length the history of her life. She gave it to me. I have it here. It will explain to you all that you desire to know."

He gave her the manuscript, wrung her hand and left her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POCKETED HIS PRIDE.

Cuban Patriotism Prevented Him from Speaking, but Not Walking, Spanish.

"Madam," said the tattered wretch, as the woman of the house came to the door, "you see before you a victim of the worst governmental tyranny on the face of the globe."

"You look it," answered the woman, according to the Buffalo Express.

"My looks do not deceive you. Yet, madam, I can assure you it humbles me greatly to be compelled to ask alms of you. Two short months ago, madam, I was rich enough to have bought all the houses on this street."

"Indeed," said the woman, growing interested.

"Yes," pursued the wanderer. "I had a great plantation, acres of sugar cane and tobacco, hundreds of negroes to do my bidding. I spent my time in idleness and luxury. I never had a want that I could not gratify by a wave of my hand."

"Where was all this?"

"In Cuba, madam. I am a Cuban refugee. My plantation was burned by the cruel Spaniards because I had given aid to the patriots. My wife and children were murdered, my dependents all scattered, and I——"

"If you're a Cuban," interrupted the woman, "prove it by talking Spanish."

"Madam," said the tramp, with a pained expression, "in the part of Cuba where I lived the people were such patriots that they never used the Spanish language. They talked only English."

"Oh," said the woman, "then there's one other way in which you can prove what you say."

"It is humiliating to me to have my word doubted. My Cuban pride revolts against it, but my hunger for the mince pie which I can smell from your kitchen forces me to pocket my pride. Name your other test and it shall be fulfilled."

"You might walk Spanish," said the woman, with a smile, as she shut the door.

Trivial Things.

"It may seem a trivial thing to you," said a well-known druggist, "but one of our greatest annoyances is about corks. I have been in the drug business for nearly fifteen years, and I feel sure that my experience is no different from that of every other druggist. The trouble I complain of is that almost ninety-nine out of every 100 persons when presenting a bottle for medicine will invariably retain the cork until you have filled the bottle, put a new cork in it and tied it up, when they will say: 'I have the cork.' This may seem a trifle to kick about, but corks cost money, and then there is trouble occasionally to find one to fit a bottle properly. The amount of money we lay out annually for corks might be cut down fully 50 per cent if our customers would only think."

Interesting Statistics.

An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 531 persons injured by falls on pavements, 243 by carriages or wagons, seventy-five by horse kicks or bites and forty-seven by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass; ninety-six were hurt by having weights fall on them, and seventy-six were hurt in bicycle accidents, while seventy-two were hurt by falling downstairs.

Hawaiian Idols.

The collection of Hawaiian idols belonging to the American board, and which were sent to this country as curiosities by the early missionaries to the Sandwich islands, has been sent back to Hawaii to be deposited in the National museum. They are said to be the only specimens of the original deities of the islands now in existence.

British Tramways.

The tramways of Great Britain and Ireland receive in fares annually at the present time about £2,600,000, and the omnibuses about £2,000,000. There are about 45,000 cabs in the United Kingdom, which altogether earn in fares about £8,200,000 per annum.

THE LONDON DOGS' HOME.

Bowwows Given Three Days' Grace and Then Destroyed.

Every morning vanloads of canine outcasts stand outside the dogs' home in the Battersea, Park road; and now and again a vanload of calcined bone and ash goes out, says St. James Gazette. There is an interval of five days between the stages. The law requires three. Three days after a dog has been in the hands of the police the original right of ownership in it ceases, and it may be sold or incinerated as convenience dictates. The process is very simple and it goes on in London year in and year out, whether there is a muzzling order in force or not. Every morning a covered van draws up before each of the police stations in the metropolis. On each side are two rows of rings, and at the end is a galvanized iron receptacle. The dangerous dog, if there be one, is brought out of the station and put in the iron box; the harmless wastrels are led from the police yard and tethered one by one to the rings. With the floor-space of the van thus covered with animals, the horse's head is turned toward Battersea. Just now there are not enough of these special vans, and the police have had to requisition vehicles from the green grocer or other local tradesmen. Arrived at the dogs' home, the vans wait their turn to pass into the yard, their occupants filling the air with cries and swelling the greater chorus within the walls of the home. As one van comes out empty another goes in full. The dogs are taken out, their place of origin and description and any marks of identification on the collar entered in a book, and then in groups of tens and twenties are taken into the kennels. There they pass their days of respite, waiting for owners that come not, and spending the hours in incessant barking and in pitiful and friendly appeals to visitors. When the days of grace are past they are led to the lethal chamber. Just now the home is having two clearances a day and is getting a second furnace built for the incineration of the carcasses. Since the 1st of January nearly 12,000 dogs have passed through the gates—the vast majority of them to pass out again in the form of calcined bone and ash, and of these 12,000 nearly half have come in since the issue of the muzzling order. As the home has accommodation for about 2,000 dogs only and is hard put to it to find kennel room, notwithstanding the additional space it has utilized under the railway arch, the rate of destruction can be imagined. The process of destroying the dogs is absolutely painless. The lethal chamber is the invention of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, and the writer of this saw it in use recently. It is constructed so as to dispose of 100 animals of the terrier class at a time. The animals are put into a cage divided into two tiers, with light iron bars at the sides. Meanwhile the chamber is filled with narcotic vapor. When the load is made up the doors of the cage are shut, the sliding door of the chamber is raised and the cage is run quickly on the tramrails into the chamber. The death is by anaesthesia, and such a death is death by sleep. The dogs are overcome with drowsiness, the moment they breathe the noxious fumes; in a single minute they are in a deep sleep; in three minutes they are dead. Close by the lethal chamber is the crematorium—a large oven kept at an intense heat by a brick furnace. When the cage is drawn out the carcasses of the animals are cast into it. There is a momentary smell as the hair of their bodies ignites, but that is all. When the process is completed there is nothing but an inodorous ash and incinerated bone.

Buried Alive Fifteen Days.

In an earthquake near Naples some time ago a young man was buried in a cellar by the building in which he was tumbling in ruins. At least fifteen days elapsed before he was reached, when he was found to be still alive, and subsequently recovered and is living today (or was a short time ago). Another instance is related where a number of workmen were descending a pit, and a short distance before they reached the bottom an accident happened to the hoisting apparatus. As a result they were buried by the debris. Fourteen days elapsed before they were reached, when they were found unconscious, but still living, and on being brought to the top and cared for all recovered. The secret of the long continuance of life in this case is supposed to be that they were early rendered unconscious and remained in this condition the greater part of the time that they were buried.

The Bicycle Inventor.

Nothing can stop the bicycle inventor. His applications are received at the rate of a hundred daily at Washington, and already outnumber the total of washing machines, churns and automatic couplers for railroad cars. He seems to be filled with the idea that a bicycle to be operated by hand instead of foot power is the real, original, long felt want. Such a machine might be operated by the legless wonder of the dime museums, but what any one else would want with it is not clear. Many of the inventions are, however, of merit, and they relate to details in the intricate portions of the machine. There are some new things in the line of package carriers, and in the smooth paved cities a year hence at least 90 per cent of the light delivery of dry goods, millinery, hats, shoes, flowers, confectionery, groceries, provisions, etc., will be through the medium of vehicles operated by boys and young men.—New York Journal.

In and Out.

Slifkin—Every one that rides in a Fifth avenue stage pitches into them.

Slifkin—Yes, and out of them.—Harlem Life.

Nebraska and Iowa Inventors.

Amongst the inventors who received patents last week were the following Trans-Mississippi inventors: Daniel Farrell, Omaha, Nebraska, fire extinguisher; Barton W. Kyle, Arlington, Nebraska, rotary plow; Zimri D. Gary, South Omaha, Nebraska, seal; James E. Lee, Centerville, Iowa, mining machine; George A. Lockwood, Chariton, Iowa, stem-winding and setting watch; Charles B. Mather, Ottumwa, Iowa, water-gage; George Roth, St. Sebald, Iowa, wire gate.

George C. Martin, a young high school student and the son of Postmaster Martin of Omaha, Nebraska, has just been allowed a patent for a griddle greaser, that is noticeable because of its uniqueness, simplicity and utility. Mr. Martin is probably one of the youngest inventors of Nebraska who has ever received a patent.

Amongst the noticeable inventions is a flexible curtain; an apparatus for raising sunken vessels; a novel life preserver; a pneumatic track sander; an elastic, pneumatic steel bicycle tire; a divided garment which can be changed into a skirt or bloomers; an aerial bicycle; an apparatus for drying coffee; a folding crank for bicycles; a motor velocipede; a mechanism for automatically closing leaks in marine vessels; an automatic cow milker; and a new and improved water pillow.

Parties desiring free information relative to patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Belied His Reputation.

"Hear about Barrick? Fell off his wheel last night on his head and was unconscious for more than two hours."

"You don't say! Well, well. I never thought it would affect him that way. I have so often heard him spoken of as such a hard headed business man."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Milk can be given in place of water until the fowls are six weeks old.

W. N. U., OMAHA—31—1897